

Posted by u/SoulProxy **Human** 5 hours ago

A matter of perspective

OC OC

To each new extra terrestrial civilisation that met humanity it was a child, lost and scared, crying in to the void. It was a slave lost in the woods calling for its master unbeknownst it's cries were the dinner call for the wolves hiding in those very woods. Lost, without a direction and purpose. Primitive and ugly.

But the tombstones of the civilisations that humanity had left behind knew of another perspective. They knew humanity as a cunning predator, a deceiving force of chaos that counterintuitively was anything but directionless. It was a creeping rot that grasped at any straws that came it's way only to consume it and use it to climb higher, knowing nothing but it's hunger.

Nesiiiha The Last sat in his imperial chambers staring in to the sun of his home world. The chambers his captors had cruelly made sure was his final resting place. It threw aside it's crippling sorrow, it's boiling rage, it's crushing guilt and it's smothering shame while preparing for his final meditation.

Humanity...

Yes, when you find them they are weak and fit for nothing but chains, and they gladly will bow their heads and accept them. They farm your food, they work the mines and they happily dance in joy for every scrap you throw them off your table. But with the passing of time the master grows complacent of a slave that's resourceful and trustworthy. They offer to do more and you accept, because your tired bones and worried mind is better used for more important things. And before you know it - you depend on them.

And then suddenly they revolt with daggers cleverly hidden in their sleeves and have the audacity to demand equality in things they have no business in being of. They demand the freedom of procreation, to be allowed to own things and to do as they will. With hands that have long forgotten the hard labour of tending the fields and hammering metal you shake theirs in a new agreement for future co-dependency. But the food never tastes the same afterwards. Every bite is poisoned with shame of a loss.

And then they multiply... oh so very fast. Within a few centuries for every one of your own they have two, and then ten, and then hundred. You watch in slow horror how your plans to put them in their place crumble as they undermine, scheme and masterfully play your politics and social opinion.

And finally they abandon any pretence of equality as they push you out your own homes and put a fence around you, telling it's for your own good to live in these "indigenous reservoirs".

And all of this works because you never catch them in a lie. When we first found them they truly were scared, and when we took them in they were truly eager to please. When they put daggers in our backs they believed it was for a just cause. And when they segregated us and put us into gilded cages like animals, they did it out of true pity...

I am Nesiiiha The Last, the last emperor of the Slakree empire. An empire of one. And I wonder how many there were before us and how many they are yet to consume.

Epilogue

Assistan, Kyle: Sir, it seems that the emperor has passed.

Supervisor, Ingrid: Really? All of a sudden after all this time?

Assistan, Kyle: Yes, sir. It seems that the last emperor of Slakree has deactivated his regenerative nanites effectively killing himself.

Supervisor, Ingrid: ... what a damn shame.

Assistan, RoKylebert: Yes, sir. What should we do, sir? Should we dispose of the remains?

Supervisor, Ingrid: No. You might be young and not quite understand this... but right now humanity has witnessed the death of the first and probably the last brother it had ever found in this dark. Yes we had a rocky history but we learned to coexist. We learned to share, and we learned to love. When we made the one way FTL jump to establish our colony at Solaris-13 we never imagined meeting them. And now they are gone... lost to the sands of time... Please prepare the stasis chamber and ready the tomb. I think he would like to return to his family he outlived for almost a hundred years.

Assistan, Kyle: Yes, sir, right away, sir.

Supervisor, Ingrid: And show him the proper respect he deserves... a brother found, loved and lost...

Theeee end. Sorry if it was a bit long and sorry if the language is a bit weird. English is not my main language but after years of reading sci-fi I wanted to try my hand in writing.

Cheers!